

FROST DEVILS

APOLOGETIC PEOPLE MAINTAIN THAT NOME LACKS ONLY TWO THINGS: WATER AND GOOD SOCIETY. "THAT'S ALL HELL LACKS," THE REPORTEE RUNS. A VARIATION OF THE SENTIMENT IS PUT INTO THE MOUTH OF A WELL KNOWN NOME CHARACTER: "IF I OWNED ALASKA AND OWNED HELL TOO, I'D SELL ALASKA AND LIVE IN HELL." - ELIZABETH ROBINS

GOLD

The Cape Nome Mining District is that area lying between the westerly water-shed of Golovin Bay and the easterly water-shed of Port Clarence Bay, and extending northerly to the Sawtooth Mountains. It embraces the wonderfully rich diggings on Anvil Creek, Dexter Creek, Dry Creek, Glacier Creek and Snow Gulch, which have yielded millions of dollars. The gold is found in the beds of streams where it has been concentrated for ages. It is also found in ancient channels which are known as bench diggings, and it is found almost everywhere in lesser quantities in the tundra and scattered through the hills. Anvil Creek has been the greatest producer of all the streams of this section. The yield from Anvil Creek has been more than \$6,000,000. Nor is this stream by any means worked out. - E.S. Harrison

Gold was discovered in Anvil Creek in the fall of 1898, just as strikes in the Klondike were playing themselves out. The rush for the Cape Nome Mining District was frantic, as fortune-seekers sought to stake claims and make their piles. Few did, but many became rich outfitting and entertaining them. The tent city of Nome became, for a few years, an improbable boom town in one of the most remote places on the continent. It drew the ambitious, the crazed, and the desperate in equal measure.

GETTING THERE

Getting to Nome takes ten days from Seattle. Second class passage on one of the steamships making the trip, like the Oregon, Victoria, or Tacoma, costs \$80. First class costs \$100 and is worth every penny - passengers in second class are fed indifferently, and housed in leaky hells in the bowels of the ships. Regardless of class, the extended voyage offers a good opportunity to make friends and enemies. The other way to Nome is through the Klondike and up the Yukon by steamboat (in summer) or dogsled (in winter). This trip takes a minimum of 30 days.

THE OCEAN

During the winter, the frozen surface of Norton Sound is a dumping ground for the town's offal, garbage, and human waste. In the summer, the crashing surf along Nome's flat, harborless beach is the first challenge any new arrival faces. Ships anchor two miles offshore, beyond a hull-smashing sand bar, and men and supplies are lightered in. Small boats extract a fee (three dollars per head, 40 cents a ton - the latter being what it costs to ship goods all the way from Seattle) to make the short but perilous journey. On a bad day, men and equipment "get duckings" from dawn until dusk. The beach is littered with ruined equipment and worthless papers, the byproduct of a badly judged beach landing. Summer storms reach Front Street and flood the town regularly.

THE BEACH

The first steamer arriving at Nome in 1900 was the Jeanie. She came in May 23, and was soon followed by many others. By June 20 the larger part of the fleet had arrived. At this date the roadstead in front of Nome was a busy scene. At one time during the month of June seventy vessels of all descriptions could be counted by the inquiring observer. They included big steamers and ships lying at anchor, and tugs and gasoline schooners busily drawing barges loaded with freight from the vessels to the beach. The beach was covered with piles of freight. A city of white tents girded the seashore, and the white tents of miners extended far up and down the beach. Nome was a sleepless town. Through all the days and nights there was the constant clangor of saws and hammers. An army of longshoremen, consisting in part of people who had worked at the counting desk and had followed professions, were handling freight on the beach. The sight of a man whose appearance indicated that he had not been accustomed to hard physical labor, straining his muscles under the weight of heavy boxes or bales of goods, walking the gangplank from the barge to the beach, told a pathetic story. The wages these men received were \$1.50 the hour, and herein was the incentive for people to do the kind of work to which they were not accustomed and for which they were incapable. There were inadequate hotel accommodations and a lack of places for people to

sleep. Fortunately the weather was fair and warm, and fortunately there was no darkness. Even in the unceasing daylight there were many petty-larceny thefts. Had there been darkness to cover their work the criminal element would have reaped a harvest. - E.S. Harrison

Once a miner and his tons of gear are ashore, his misery is not over. The lighter crews unceremoniously dump it all on the beach, and it takes more money - another dollar at least, often much more - to get it into a warehouse on Front Street, which of course also charges a fee. Those without the funds can make do themselves, but their piles are ruthlessly picked over by gangs of thieves the minute they leave them unattended. It is a common sight all summer to see broken-hearted would-be miners sobbing atop piles of equipment they cannot afford to move as the tide laps at their life savings.

In the summer of 1900, gold will be discovered in Nome's black sand beaches. Since everything below the high tide line is public property, no claims can be made and it is every man for himself. Small-time dredgers will crowd the beaches for miles up and down the coast, sucking a million dollars out of the sand that summer alone.

THE TENT CITY

I walked rapidly through the quarter belonging to the women of the town. There they stand at their doors in a little row of doll-like frame houses with their names on the tiny doors - "Henriette, Luise", etc etc. Henriette is big and fat and buxom with a handsome face and a pink dressing gown heavily trimmed in lace - another is little and dark and wears a low-necked dress and much jewelry - another has on a apale sky blue frock up to her knees. I hear French spoken and they stare after me with smiling indifference. - Elizabeth Robins

Restaurants did a thriving business. The price of ham and eggs and a cup of coffee was one dollar. If a man's bibativeness inclined him to a stronger drink than water he paid twenty-five cents a drink for his refreshment. Beer cost one dollar the bottle. To brief this part of the story the price of every commodity was from two times to five times the price of similar articles in Seattle or San Francisco. - E.S. Harrison

Nome itself is a rude collection of tents and crude wooden shacks along the hip-deep mud of Front Street. Every manner of service and vice is offered. There are saloons, warehouses, dry goods emporiums, drug-gists, a bakery, even a tailor. There is a hospital, no fewer than five undertakers, several hotels, two banks and three newspapers. And lawyers - lots and lots of lawyers. The claims process is murky at best, corrupt in the extreme, and prone to violent feuds and litigation, even among partners. Nome has more lawyers per capita than any place on earth. Drunks, criminals, and gunfighters rule the night, and canvas walls make collateral damage from the regular shootouts a common

occurrence.

Miners who "cleaned up" have become rich men, and a vast industry has sprung up to separate them from their money. Gambling is endemic, with every saloon (and many other businesses) offering everything from Faro tables to the "Wheel of Fortune". Prostitution is practiced in degrees - saloon girls split the price of whatever drinks they can persuade men to buy with the house (at 25 or 50 cents a glass). Crib girls sell themselves in a cluster of shacks at one end of Front Street. An energetic cloud of parasites make their livings by swindling miners into bad investments, imaginary claims, bogus partnerships, and foolish donations.

There are three churches in Nome, designated in the order in which they were established : Congregational, Episcopal and Catholic. A women's civic club called Ke-goayah Kozga (Aurora Club in pidgin Inupiaq) is run by Mrs. Josephine Scroggs, wife of a Presbyterian minister.

By 1901, Wooden buildings will replace tents for the



most part, and fires will replace the surf as the cause of the most property loss.

MUD

In 1900 there were places in the main street of Nome where the mud and muck were of treacherous and uncertain depth, and it required courage and a pair of stout legs to navigate the primitive thoroughfare. A feminine chechako attempted to cross the street and got into a bad place. The woman was standing thigh deep in the tundra mire, her skirts gathered around her waist and her agony was finding vent in a flood of tears. - E.S. Harrison

Nome's maritime environs make mud a pernicious and ever-present problem. The streets are lost in it; ditches cut in the field are prone to deadly collapse. In June and July horses can be buried to their necks on Front Street and must then be shot.

THE HILLS

Beyond the town are low hills divided by gold-bearing creeks. The rich veins in these hills are being systematically torn apart by hydraulic surface mining. Companies like the Miocene Ditch Company, the Wild Goose Mining Company, Topkuk Ditch, the Golden Dawn, Flambeau and Kugarok Mining Companies all work claims on industrial scales, employing would-be miners as factory hands and keeping the profits. Beyond the reach of the ditch companies, placer miners still stake claims and jealously guard them. There is literally no law in the hills.

All the easily-extractable gold will be gone by 1905, leaving nothign but a pock-marked hell in its stead.

GOVERNMENT

Nome has a Mayor, of sorts, a grasping, corrupt rascal named T.D. Cashel who maintains a populist front while serving the interests of the Big Men. A few miles down the coast in the direction of Cape Nome is an Army outpost, Fort Davis, and her troops serve as the only law enforcement in the district. More than once a platoon of soldiers has been dispatched, with fixed bayonets, to quell some disturbance or another. Lt. Spaulding is in command of the tiny garrison. Nome also boasts a dubiously-named Public Safety Committee, consisting of Big Men appointed to settle disputes however they see fit. The current members are R. S. Ryan, chairman; W. B. Dean, secretary; Dr. Brandon, John Berg and Col. C. M. Sheaf. Federal officers were district judge Arthur H. Noyes, an outrageously corrupt pocket-liner; Abel Vawter, the impotent and often drunk United States Marshal and United States Attorney Joe Wood.

SUMMER

The snow never entirely disappears until late in June. From the first of May until the middle of August the daylight is continuous. This continuous daylight lengthens the ordinary working season, as there is no cessation of work caused by night. The early part of the summer season is usually clear and dry, and the latter part filled with storms and almost constant rain. I have not mentioned spring time as, judging by the usual signs, there is no such period of the year in Northwestern Alaska. We have but two seasons, a short summer and a long winter. A more beautiful and salubrious climate could not be desired than the ordinary early summer at Nome; nor could one easily imagine a more tempestuous climate than the latter part of some of the summers which have been experienced in this region. - E.S. Harrison

Summer is short and furiously busy. The business of making a year's money is compressed into four good months.



WINTER

As there is but little work to do during the winter season there is plenty of time for the social amenities of life, and the residents of Nome devote a great deal of time to social entertainments. Dances, socials, fairs, amateur theatricals, and everything and anything that will relieve the tedium of the long winter nights receive a liberal share of attention. Nor is there a lack of outdoor sports, the principal of which is skiing. Sleighing behind dog teams is also a favorite, healthful, and invigorating recreation. Ladies snugly wrapped in their furs, sitting in a sled behind a team of huskies, the driver running behind, holding on to the handlebars, jumping on the runners and riding whenever it is convenient, is a very common sight at Nome. The people in Nome live comfortably during the winter. Many residences and store buildings are provided with heaters in which anthracite coal is burned. Even those who live in cabins are usually "snug as a bug in a rug." No hardship nor inconvenience is experienced in this north country during the winter by people who do not have occasion to travel. The healthfulness of the country is one of its marked features. - E.S. Harrison

Eggs at the approach of spring are mellowed with age, and better fit for a reception of a bad actor than for domestic use. Many gastronomically fastidious people lose their appetites for cold storage meats late in the season, and everybody is surfeited with canned goods before the arrival of the first vessel in the spring. - E.S. Harrison

A low temperature does not cause great inconvenience to the man who is properly clothed, if the air be still, but the cutting blast of the blizzard in zero weather cannot be withstood for any great length of time. Blizzards are of frequent occurrence, and they often come suddenly with little or no warning. The men who have lost their lives in the buzzards of Northwestern Alaska generally were people who did not understand the lore of the land or else exercised poor judgment in attempting to travel at a perilous time. - E.S. Harrison

Although positively balmy compared to Alaska's interior, the southern edge of the Seward peninsula is still very cold for half the year. Temperatures reach zero Fahrenheit at the end of November and stay there until April. Even in the summer, it is rarely above fifty degrees. The waters of Norton Sound ensure wet summers as well. Howling blizzards pounding in off the sea are not uncommon in winter, and claim many lives.

Winter arrives in mid-October, and all work generally ceases for six months. The ground cannot be worked and sluicing the beaches also impossibly without Herculean (and unproductive) effort. Many people book passage south. The core that remain fall into three camps - the sourdoughs, who are happy with their lot, the nervous, who want to protect their claims, and the utterly broke, who frequently don't last the winter.

SMALLPOX

One of the importations to Nome in the spring of 1900 was small-pox, and when it was discovered in the camp a great deal of alarm was manifested. The dreaded disease was found aboard some of the vessels, and these steamers were promptly put in quarantine and sent to Egg Island near St. Michael. Fortunately for the town there was a strong man in the community whose connection with the revenue cutter service had taught him to exercise authority in all exigencies that might arise in Alaska. This man was Captain D. H. Jarvis. He immediately took charge of the situation, and applied himself diligently and with consummate executive ability to the stamping out of the disease. He did not stop to inquire for legal authority, but simply observed the time-honored prerogative of the department of the United States Government to which he belonged; and that was to exercise common sense in dealing with all Alaskan measures. He caused an hospital to be erected, and immediately isolated all persons known to be afflicted with the disease, and all suspects were carefully watched. Within a few weeks all danger of contagion had been destroyed, and with the recovery of the last of the patients in the hospital the building and all of its furnishings were burned. Captain Jarvis deserves the everlasting gratitude of the people at Nome for his prompt and efficient method of preventing the spreading of small-pox in Nome during this season. - E.S. Harrison

At least eight gold-mad miners "escaped" Jarvis' hospital and came to Nome still ravaged by the disease.

BIG MEN

Sycophantic quotes are from E.S. Harrison's *Nome and the Seward Peninsula - History, Descriptions, Biographies and Stories*, published in 1905. Harrison was the Nome Nugget's reporter and had a vested interest in painting a happy picture of these violent, lawless socio-paths for his publisher, J.F.A. Strong.

J. M. DAVIDSON

His knowledge of mining and ditch construction has made him a valuable acquisition to the sturdy men who are developing the resources of the frozen north and has given him the opportunity to lay the foundation of the fortune which is the quest of every man who goes to Alaska. He possesses the force which is indispensable to success but with the temperament that does not permit annoyances to disturb, nor obstacles to discourage him. Broad, liberal and accurate in his judgment of men and affairs, he is both a successful man and a good and useful citizen.

Davidson came to Nome with nothing and has leveraged his ruthless mind into a fortune and commercial empire. He is the primary shareholder and President of the Miocene Ditch Company, a corporation which has constructed forty seven miles of ditch covering the most valuable mineral ground in the region. His Kugarok Mining and Ditch Company is poised to devour whole swaths of the Seward peninsula as yet untouched. Davidson has mined his way from the Chilkoot, through Dawson Creek and Fort Yukon all the way to Nome. He bankrolls a squad of bad-men who "adjust claims" for him.

G. W. BLANKENSHIP

Once lost in a small boat on Kotzebue Sound and was guided to safety by the ghost of his father-in-law. Put ashore at the mouth of the Kewalik, followed it upstream to Candle Creek, found gold and became rich.

CHARLES D. LANE

The Nestor of the Nome country. The money he has made has been clean money. It has not caused heartaches and sorrows. There is no blood on it. It was not filched from one class of people to enrich another class.

Organized the Wild Goose Mining and Trading Company with one million dollars in stock. The Wild Goose employed hundreds in massive engineering projects aimed at the industrial extraction of gold. Built a pump plant to force water from the Snake River to the summit of Anvil Peak. Building a pair of narrow-gauge railroads from Nome to Anvil Creek (1900), and from Council City to Ophir Creek (1902).

JAFET LINDBERG

President of the Pioneer Mining Company and one of the "Three Lucky Swedes" who first reported gold on Anvil Creek in 1898. With his companions Erik Lindblom and J.E. Brynteson, Lindeberg tricked the Inupiat of nearby Sitnasuaq to pan creeks all across the Seward peninsula and report any gold to them. The result of this has been riches for the three men and a kick in the teeth for the Inupiat; Lindeberg wisely diversified his own share into a variety of service businesses. He owns the Moonlight Springs Water Works and the Nome Electric Light Company. Lindeberg is 25 years old. He winters in San Francisco.

MAJOR W. N. MONROE

He has the happy faculty of seeing the silver lining of the cloud, and he can fence a thrust of anger with a joke as dexterously as he could fence with a cavalry sword when he was an officer in the Department of the Platte.

Supervised the construction of the Wild Goose Railroad and serves as superintendent. Served in the Seventh Iowa Cavalry in the Civil War and Indian Wars. Hates the natives.

JOHN D. LEEDY

An early and ambitious prospector and miner, who arrived on the first boat in 1899 with a cargo of fresh fruit and vegetables, which he rapidly sold at outrageous prices to the scurvy-ridden few who had over-wintered to protect their claims. Leedy has big plans, including the exploitation of a quartz claim at the head of Nome Gulch, but his principal interest is in appropriating the claims of others. He moonlights for the Alaska Banking and Safe Deposit Company investigating properties offered as collateral for loans, a position that grants him extraordinary power in Nome.

JACOB A WESTBY

Appointed by the notoriously corrupt Judge Noyes as United States Commissioner and Recorder of the Norton Sound Precinct before he became a naturalized citizen, Westby – a Norwegian – is a professional surveyor in much demand by those with dubious claims. Westby is a leading member of the Anvil Masonic Club. His wife, Marie Summers-Westby, and their ten children live in Nome as well.

PROFESSOR WILL HENRY

Professor Henry is a specialist in philology and mathematics, but he has recently added metallurgy to his resume and came north as a consultant to examine claims for hesitant investors. Now he manages the Nome Mining District's school by court appointment, and still offers worthless consultations to rubes on the side.

WYATT EARP

Never one to miss an opportunity to aggrandize himself or cash in on his undeserved reputation, former lawman and aging entrepreneur Wyatt Earp established a saloon in Nome in 1900 - the Dexter. It was a popular place to gamble and carouse, situated on the beach. Eventually someone shot Earp in the arm and he sold his share and went home.



My name is...

☐ I used to be a...

☐ ...now I'm a...

☐ I'm...

☐ and...

☐ ♠ Hand

☐ ♦ Eye

☐ ♥ Heart

☐ ♣ Guts

☐ My Devil is...

ALASKA

My name is...

☐ I used to be a...

☐ ...now I'm a...

☐ I'm...

☐ and...

☐ ♠ Hand

☐ ♦ Eye

☐ ♥ Heart

☐ ♣ Guts

☐ My Devil is...

Miners and Merchants
BANK OF NOME

EIGHT DAYS TO NOME WITH
**ALASKA
STEAMSHIP
COMPANY**

Wm. H. Schooler
LAWYER.

**THE DEXTER
HOXIE & EARP**

Good goods. . . Square game.

THE ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

We supply horse teams for hauling to the gold fields at the rate of ten dollars per hour. Lighterage to the beach at .35 per cwt and warehousing at very reasonable rates. It is our pleasure to serve you.

The
MIOCENE
Dredge & Ditch Company
WL LELAND
WS BLISS

WILD GOOSE RR
TO THE OPHIR CREEK FIELDS

American
BARBER & HOTEL

\$200 MONTH SHAVE \$1 BATH \$2

ALASKA

**MADDEN
HOUSE**

FINE DINING FRONT STREET

Floyd & Smith
TICKET OFFICE

BOOK FOR SAN FRANCISCO & SEATTLE

Nome Fresh Water Co.
JAFET LINDBERG, PROPRIETOR

**KUGAROK
MINING
& DITCH
COMPANY**

JM Davidson, ENGINEER



THE GOLD BEET
**DANCE
HALL**

SCHNEIDER & DESMOND

ROB'T DOLLAR
**WAREHOUSE &
COMMISSION**



HOME
RESTAURANT
Fresh Fruit \$.50
Steaks \$1.50



My name is...

☐ I used to be a...

☐ ...now I'm a...

☐ I'm...

☐ and...

☐ ♠ Hand

☐ ♦ Eye

☐ ♥ Heart

☐ ♣ Guts

☐ My Devil is...

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☐ I'm...

☐ and...

☐ ♠ Hand

☐ ♦ Eye

☐ ♥ Heart

☐ ♣ Guts

☐ My Devil is...

Read the
NOME NUGGET

**FINEST HOTEL
CITY OF
CHICAGO**

LOWEST RATES

**Weibel-Gottlieb
METALWORKING
SHEET PLATE & C**

**CALIFORNIA
Nome's Bakery**

Baked goods Dry goods Meals

**STRAVER'S
EMPORIUM**

Beer and spirits at reason-
able prices. Games of chance,
certified square by the U.S.
Federal Marshal. Charming
company. Rooms to let.

**Lattimore J.
MONROE**
Law and Counsel
I WILL DEFEND YOUR CLAIM

RW JAMES. ASSAYER
OPPOSITE GEIGER'S BRIDGE

Dentist
J.G. HUMPHREY
OVER THE BANK OF CAPE NOME

ALASKA

**BEAU
MERCANTILE**

**Geiger's
SNAKE CREEK BRIDGE**
ONE DOLLAR A MAN, FIVE A WAGGON

Nome Fresh Water Co.
JAFET LINDBERG, PROPRIETOR

**BANK OF
CAPE NOME**
N.B. Solner, Cashier
\$100,000 CAPITAL



**SIMPSON'S
DRY
GOODS**
FRONT STREET NOME

**BLANCH & HANNA
DRUGGISTS**
ALL MANNER OF PALLIATIVES

**Kegoayah Kozga
WELCOMES LADIES**



**ELDORADO
SALOON**
New Girls monthly



E.S. Harrison

Is: J.F.A. Strong's reporter for the Nome Nugget

Was: Book publisher

Devil: Respect

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 4

♥ Heart: 3

♣ Guts: 2

Nervous and fidgety

Weak and submissive

J. M. Davidson

Is: President of the Miocene Ditch Company

Was: Broke miner

Devil: Cruelty

♠ Hand: 2

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 5

♣ Guts: 5

Implacable and calm

A tower of burning rage

G. W. Blankenship

Is: Ghost-haunted prospector

Was: Insurance salesman

Devil: Fear

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 3

Loyal

Honest

Charles D. Lane

Is: President, Wild Goose Mining and Trading Company

Was: Millionaire

Built a pump plant to force water from the Snake River to the summit of Anvil Peak. Building a narrow-gauge railroads from Nome to Anvil Creek

Devil: Greed

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 2

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 5

Ambitious

Good humored

Jafet Lindeberg

Is: President of the Pioneer Mining Company and one of the "Three Lucky Swedes" who first reported gold on Anvil Creek in 1898. Owns the Moonlight Springs Water Works and the Nome Electric Light Company.

Was: A hardscrabble, uneducated Norwegian kid.

Devil: Alcohol

♠ Hand: 4

♦ Eye: 4

♥ Heart: 3

♣ Guts: 2

Ignorant

Rich as Croesus

Major W. N. Monroe

Is: Supervised the construction of the Wild Goose Railroad and serves as superintendent.

Was: Served in the Seventh Iowa Cavalry in the Civil War and Indian Wars. Hates the natives.

Devil: Racism

♠ Hand: 4

♦ Eye: 2

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 3

Judgmental

Aggressive

John D. Leedy

Is: Has a quartz claim at the head of Nome Gulch, but he is a claim jumper. He moonlights for the banks investigating properties offered as collateral for loans.

Was: Professional gambler

Devil: Power

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 5

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 2

Clever

Reckless

Jacob A Westby

Is: Norwegian. United States Commissioner and Recorder of the Norton Sound Precinct.

Professional surveyor and freemason. Anvil Masonic Club.

Was: Gangster

Devil: Manipulation

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 2

♣ Guts: 5

Mean as a snake

Tricky as a weasel

Marie Summers-Westby

Is: Mother of ten, married to Jacob Westby

Was: Prostitute

Devil: Secrecy

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 3

♣ Guts: 3

Kind hearted

Streetwise

Professor Will Henry

Is: Manages the Nome Mining District's school by court appointment, and offers worthless consultations to rubes on the side.

Was: Catholic priest

Devil: Lust

♠ Hand: 2

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 3

♣ Guts: 4

Charming

Educated

Wyatt Earp

Is: Co-owner of the Dexter

Was: Lawman

Devil: Fame

♠ Hand: 4

♦ Eye: 2

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 3

Larger than life

Drunker than hell

"Sealskin Polly" Meyer

Is: Prostitute

Was: Jewish elite

Devil: Helplessness

♠ Hand: 2

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 4

♣ Guts: 4

Beautiful

Pathetic

Jo Winget

Is: Would-be prospector

Was: Housewife

Devil: Gender

♠ Hand: 3

♦ Eye: 3

♥ Heart: 2

♣ Guts: 5

Tough as a man

Full of hot air

THANKS!

I hope you enjoyed Frost Devils. I certainly enjoyed bringing it to you and if you have comments—particularly if you play it—I would like to talk to you. I can be reached at jason@bullypulpitgames.com or @jmstar on Twitter.

Be sure to check out Matt Snyder's excellent game Dust Devils, which was the inspiration for this. It makes the perfect engine to drive your Alaskan tragedy-mobile.

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